

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from female trouble is told that an operation is necessary, it, of course, frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital, the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart.

It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after an operation has been decided upon as the only cure.

The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and herbs, have escaped serious operations, as evidenced by Miss Rose Moore's case, of 207 W. 26th St., N. Y. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of the very worst form of female trouble and I wish to express to you my deepest gratitude. I suffered intensely for two years so that I was unable to attend to my duties and was a burden to my family. I doctored and doctored with only temporary relief and constantly objecting to an operation which I was advised to undergo. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it cured me of the terrible trouble and I am now in better health than I have been for many years.

This and other such cases should encourage every woman to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before she submits to an operation. Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.



MISS ROSE MOORE

The Times' Daily Short Story.

How the Chicken Was Hatched.

(Original.)

At one time during the civil war while we were campaigning in Virginia our brigade became separated from the main army, and we were in such a position between the Confederate forces that if they could have acted in concert they might have captured us. But neither one knew of the other's proximity—that is, we inferred they did not, for they made no move against us. But even if both knew of the other's presence they could not communicate with a view to making a concerted attack without sending a messenger through our lines.

One morning when I was in charge of a picket post a young girl came into the lines with a basket of butter on one arm and a basket of eggs on the other. She said she had come from a small plantation just without our lines and would like to sell us her produce. Since our rations had for some time been largely composed of salt pork and hard tack my mouth watered for her wares. I tasted the butter and found it delicious. As to the eggs, they looked tempting enough; but, yielding to an old habit when buying eggs, I held a number of them up to the light to make sure they were fresh. All transmitted a portion of the light except one, which transmitted none. It seemed to be of exactly the same weight, size and shape as the others; but, looking through it, I could not see a ray of light.

"There's a chicken in that one," I remarked to the girl.

"If there is, I don't see how it got in. I'll take it out. I think the rest are all right."

She took the egg out of my hands. I selected half a dozen of the others and a pound package of the butter—all I could take care of while on duty—intending them for our company mess. The girl went on in toward the camp, and I saw no more of her. We did not refuse citizens admittance within our lines. We reserved our refusal till they asked to go out. And we especially objected to their going out on the opposite side from which they came in. It was passed down among us from headquarters that we were between two fires and no person whatever should be permitted to pass through our lines.

We enjoyed our fresh eggs and butter immensely and wished all the dairymen in Virginia would come in with their produce. Several officers asked where we got them, and when I told them that a country girl had come into camp to sell them one of them went off to find her. This was in the evening after supper. The inclosure within the picket circle was not very large.

and he might easily have come upon her if she had been in camp. Either she was not in camp or she was hiding. Some one suggested that she had gone through the lines. As our safety depended upon no one in the Confederate interest getting through the lines, this excited attention. I set out with several others on a still hunt, but we all came back with the report that no girl of the description given was in camp. I felt it my duty to report the matter to the general, only mentioning the girl and my having bought some of her butter and eggs. The general swore a good deal when he heard it, since he had given strict orders as to the departure of any citizen from our lines. Every officer of the picket was questioned, and all avowed that no one had gone out during the day. The only way I could account for the girl's disappearance was that she had stolen out between two pickets after dusk.

The next morning a flag of truce was seen coming, and when it arrived the officer in command presented a demand for the surrender of the brigade, stating that they had us surrounded. The general sent them back with a proposition which delayed matters till after nightfall. Then he ordered the four regiments composing the brigade to cut their way out in four different directions, each fighting on its own hook.

That was a terrible night. I shall never forget it. Our regiment took to a wood, where we came upon several regiments, and in the fight one half were captured, the other half getting through and away. I was with those who were captured. Two of the other regiments were taken entire, and a third had the good fortune to strike an unguarded opening and marched through it.

The next morning I with the other prisoners was undergoing an inspection by the general who had captured us when one of the officers with him, a beardless boy, rode up to me and put out his hand.

"How are you, captain?" he said. "I owe my life to your stupidity. If you'd been smart I would have swung within a few hours after you passed me into your lines."

"Who are you?" I asked, puzzled by a resemblance I could not explain. "I'm the country girl who sold you butter and eggs. My neck being in a halter, I got nervous and left the wrong egg in the basket. That egg you couldn't see through was filled with sand and a message from my general to General B. here, arranging for a concerted plan to capture you Yanks. Of course you couldn't see through it. There was a chicken in it, as you said, and the chicken has been hatched."

When I was exchanged the war was over. I was glad of it, for I had no heart to continue in the service after the fearful results of my stupidity. From that day to this I have never been able to bear the sight of an egg.

SPENCER TROWBRIDGE.

THAT OVATION TO GOV. HUGHES

Governor Proctor Surprised at Enthusiasm.

NEW YORK AND VERMONT

The Joint Tercenary Commission Takes a Cruise on Lake Champlain—Enthusiasm for Gov. Hughes.

Burlington, Sept. 9.—The joint Champlain Tercenary commission of New York and Vermont left Bluff Point, N. Y., Saturday on board the steam yacht Magnet and Valcour for a cruise through the northern part of the lake. The party included also Speaker Cannon, Congressman Sibley and Lieut. Gov. G. H. Proctor of Vermont. Lieut. Gov. Chamberlain was the only member of either state commission who was not present. The party were the guests of ex-Lieut. Gov. Nelson W. Fisk at his home on Isle La



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

Motte at Luncheon and visited the ruins of Fort St. Anne there, which was built by the French in 1665 and was the first white settlement on Lake Champlain.

Gov. Hughes acted as chairman of Friday night's joint meeting at which it was decided that Gov. Hughes as chairman of the New York state commission, and Gov. Proctor, of the Vermont com-



GOVERNOR F. D. PROCTOR.

mission, should each appoint an executive committee to take charge of the arrangements for the celebration, which will be held beginning July 4, 1909, to commemorate the discovery of Lake Champlain by the man whose name it bears. Steps will be taken to have the state department at Washington try to interest the officials of France and Canada in the celebration. Various plans were discussed and, although nothing was decided upon, it is likely that an imposing monument will be erected on some island in Lake Champlain in honor of its discoverer.

Gov. Proctor commenced Saturday upon the reception given by the members of the Vermont fair and game league to Gov. Hughes of New York, when he spoke at the dinner in Bluff Point Friday night. Gov. Proctor said he had no idea that the unemotional people of Vermont could become so enthusiastic. Mr. Proctor added that there was a strong feeling in Vermont in favor of Gov. Hughes as a candidate for the republican nomination for president and that Vermont men were anxious to see and hear him. Gov. Hughes reached Burlington Saturday afternoon and proceeded thence to Albany.

GURIO.

Mr. Chow has a passion for curios, but was not able to distinguish a genuine article from a spurious one. One day a dealer came to him wishing to sell the lacquer bowl of Emperor Shun (B. C. 2255), the red with which the Duke of Chow (about B. C. 1122) dogged Peking King, and the mit on which Confucius sat (B. C. 531). Mr. Chow sold all his worldly possessions and purchased them, holding the bowl in his left hand, clutching the rod in his right hand and carrying the mat upon his back, he went around begging for a copper coin of King Woo (B. C. 1122).—From the Chinese.

CORTICO.

The island of Corsica was dependent upon Genoa from 1559 to 1793, when it was ceded to France. Napoleon was born the following year, 1793, and was therefore a French subject.

The Farmer's Wife

She is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if the stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every taint for corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open, itching ulcers, and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distressing indigestion, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the treatment of these conditions are situated in the various organs of the digestive tract. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a powerful purgative, is a combination of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Value of the Spirit of Compromise in Wedded Life.

If marriage meant the wedding of a saint and an angel, there would be no problems to solve, no perfections to attain, no progress to make. This may be why there are no marriages in heaven.

On earth it is different. Husband and wife are strongly human. No matter how lovingly united or how sweet their accord, they never have the same temperaments, tendencies or tastes.

Their needs are different, their manner of looking at things is not identical and in varying ways their individualities assert themselves. At any critical moment if both express at the same time a desire to defer to the other's taste the result is foreordained—happiness. This makes matrimony not merely union, but union and unity.

The spirit of compromise does not mean a continuous performance in the way of self surrender and self sacrifice; it does not mean ceasing to be a man and becoming an echo; it does not imply or justify the loss of individuality. It means simply the instinctive recognition of the best way out of a difficulty, the quickest tactics to avoid a collision, the kindly view of tolerance in the presence of weakness and errors of another, the courage to meet an explanation half way, the generosity to be first to apologize for a discord, the largeness of mind that does not fear a sacrifice of dignity in surrendering in the interests of the highest harmony of the two rather than the personal vanity.—Dellaester.

A Felicitous Aside.

A senator, describing a campaign wherein he had outgeneraled a rival, said:

"When it became plain that victory was mine, when my opponent's face began to grow darker and more forbidding, I smiled to myself. I could have muttered to myself some such felicitous aside as that which came from the small boy who was being spanked. In the course of his spanking the boy's mother paused to say in sincere tones:

"Tommy, this hurts me far more than it does you."

"And thereupon in his odd, face downward position the boy winked and muttered to himself:

"I was afraid that hard board I put in the seat of my trousers might injure her delicate hand."

Arab Babies.

The ears of an Arab baby are pierced in six places on the seventh day after her birth. When she is two months old heavy gold rings are placed in these holes and are worn throughout life, except in periods of mourning.

Sunny Spain.

Spain is the sunniest of all European countries.



MISS JEAN LECKIE.

Handsome and talented woman, who will soon wed Dr. A. Conan Doyle, author of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

WIFE TIED AND GAGGED

Husband Returning Discovers Mrs. Field

BOUND FAST BY ROBBERS

Who Had Threatened Her With Death if She Made Any Outcry—The Timely Arrival Saved Her Life.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 9.—As the result of being bound and gagged in bed by burglars, who threatened death if she made outcry, Mrs. James Field, daughter of former Judge Applegate, of Hightstown, lies at home in that place, hysterical and near collapse.

The timely arrival of her husband from a trip on the Delaware river prevented the thieves from making a rich haul. Mrs. Field's three children and a housekeeper were sleeping in another part of the house and were not disturbed by the robbery.

Field entered the front door as the burglars fled from the rear. He noticed that silver and other articles had been packed ready for removal. Then a hurried investigation showed Mrs. Field's plight. She was released by her husband and collapsed at once from the fright she had suffered.

The whole neighborhood was aroused, but no trace of the burglars could be found beyond the tracks of a wagon in the immediate vicinity.

Mrs. Field was awakened by a slight noise and found a man bending over her. He commanded her to keep quiet. Then he called softly to his companion.

The two tore the sheets into shreds and bound Mrs. Field, also placing a gag in her mouth.

The robbers then ransacked the house. They heard Mr. Field on the porch and escaped down the back stairs and through the rear door.

WHIMS OF THE HOUR.

September the Time to Buy Furs.

Mink a Leading Felt Next Season.

Many women are buying their furs now. Of course it is to the merchant's interest to advertise the newest styles and to put out the handsomest pieces of fur thus early in the season. Mink will lead as it did last year, and the muffs are made in the same square fashion, though the close observer will notice a slight variation of shape before the prevailing modes of 1906. The soft Hudson Bay sable is more attractive than ever. Animal effects



A DAINTY MORNING GOWN—\$742.

are in evidence, little tails, claws and heads being conspicuous in their proper place on long, narrow skins.

Mink of the very best quality will cost as much this year as a bit of sable, and it is a question which is preferable. The long, glossy black mink is a beauty among furs that nothing can rival.

Caracul is one of the modish furs in the market. A pretty box coat of this pelts has a semicircular back gracefully curved in order to produce a youthful effect. It is trimmed with novelty braid and handsome buttons.

Three place suits of chiffon broadcloth are again to be worn. In afternoon costumes the skirt is long, falling on the ground three inches in front and often six in the back. The bodice is a combination of lace, embroidery and pieces of the cloth. The coat is usually of the directoire type with shortened waist line, big pocket flaps and flaring cuffs and rather full three-quarter sleeves.

A smart morning gown is seen in the picture, made of a deep red challie trimmed with a fancy braid of the same color. The pattern comes with high neck and long sleeves.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Many Faced Clock.

A clock in St. Petersburg had twenty-five faces, indicating simultaneously the time at thirty different spots on the earth's surface, besides the movements of the earth and planets.

Tropical Plants.

Some tropical plants can really be seen to grow. An eminent scientist who made measurements in some botanical gardens in Java recorded a growth in a bamboo of seventeen inches in a single day. Another bamboo was observed to add eight inches to its height daily at fifty-eight days, while two others grew four inches steadily each day for sixty days.

WAGEE RANGES

50 YEARS THE LEADERS

—FOR SALE BY—

N. D. Phelps Co., Barre, Vt.

THIS WEEK AT THE OPERA HOUSE

"East Lynne" Tuesday Evening, Moving Pictures Thursday, and "The Red Mill" on Saturday Evening.

Joseph King's "East Lynne."

Local theatre patrons will be afforded an opportunity next Tuesday evening at the opera house of witnessing a highly artistic and enjoyable presentation of the greatest emotional drama, "East Lynne," by Joseph King's New York company.

"The intense scene in which the unfortunate heroine's child breathes its last is the supreme dramatic moment of the play. The performance throughout is maintained at a high standard of artistic excellence.

Nothing has been left undone in the way of scenic aids and accessories, and competent stage direction will insure a harmonious performance.

The "Picture Sense."

To travel constantly up and down this old world of ours, and regardless of time or expense collect and concentrate into one programme that will incite your interest, wonder and amusement—this is the unique vocation of Lyman H. Howe, who will show his new programme of moving pictures at the opera house on next Thursday evening.

Time, patient research and money in themselves are not enough to insure the success he has achieved. A knowledge of the public taste, a knowledge of what is really interesting and what is not, what to take and what to ignore, is absolutely necessary in the collection of a programme that must be uniformly and universally interesting. Mr. Howe's many years of experience as an exhibitor annually to over a million people, has surely qualified him as perhaps no other exhibitor is qualified. However, even knowledge gained by experience does not suffice. No one can achieve success as a journalist unless possessed of what is vaguely but best expressed as the "news sense." It must be innate, instinctive. It cannot be cultivated. Precisely as some possess such a "news sense," Mr. Howe possesses an instinctive "picture sense," that enables him instantly to know whether a given scene, event or adventure will incite interest, surprise or entertainment. It is a fortunate combination of these things that enables him to show it so well that after seeing his exhibition you can discuss the scenes you have seen as though you had really visited them.

"The Red Mill."

"The Red Mill" the new comic opera which is to be seen here for the first time at the opera house on Saturday evening next, has been provided with all the elements of success. The music is by Mr. Victor Herbert, far and away the best of the composers of light music in this country; the book is by Mr. Henry Blossom, who has written clever dialogue in the past, and the company engaged is from all accounts said to be a mighty good one. The scenes are laid in Holland in a little Dutch village, and the piece is said to contain a great many possibilities, of which every advantage has been taken. "The Red Mill" will be presented here after the season's run at the Knickerbocker theatre, New York city, where it proved to be one of the most important musical successes of many years.

The "Mrs." Cardinal.

Cardinal Gibbons, the venerable head of the Catholic church in America, is one of the most democratic men in the country. He also enjoys a good joke, even when told at his own expense. He once related how a Baltimore newspaper man who may have been more zealous in journalism than learned in religion, called at the cardinal's house one day to ask his eminence for information regarding some church matter.

"The cardinal is out of the city," said Father Fletcher, who received the caller. "Perhaps I may see Mrs. Gibbons." This was the startling request that followed.—Lippincott's.

His Position.

Peckem—My wife referred to me as the head of the family today. Meeker—How did that happen? Peckem—She was talking to a man who called to collect a bill.—Chicago News.

Many a man finds out too late that he cannot hide anything from his own conscience.—Pitt.

THEY GAVE THE BALLS.

And the People Danced to Pay the Debts of Louis XIV.

In 1712 Louis XIV. favored the opera, then established in the first salle of the Palais Royal (there have been two), with a special mansion for the better accommodation of its administration, archives and rehearsals. This hotel is situated in the Rue Nicaise. The building was generally designated under the name of Magasin, whence the term Filles du Magasin (not de magasin), which was applied not only to the female chorists and singers, but to the female dancers themselves. It so happened that the king forgot to pay his architects and workmen. In order to satisfy them the Chevalier de Bouillon conceived the idea of giving balls in the opera house, for which idea he received an annual pension of 4,000 francs. He was paid, but the king's debtors were not, for, although the letters patent were granted somewhere about the beginning of 1713, not a single ball had been given when the most magnificent of the Bourbon sovereigns descended to his grave.

One day shortly after his death d'Argenson, the then lieutenant of police, was talking to Louis's nephew, Philippe d'Orleans, the regent. "Monsieur," he said, "there are people who go about yelling that his majesty of blessed memory was a bankrupt and a thief. I'll have them arrested and have them hung into some deep underground dungeon." "You don't know what you are talking about," was the answer. "Those people must be paid, and then they'll cease to bellow." "But how, monsieur?" "Let's give the balls that were projected by Bouillon." So said, so done, and the people danced to pay Louis XIV's debts, as, according to Shadwell, people drank to fill Charles II's coffers:

The king's most faithful subjects we in 's service are not dull. We drink to show our loyalty And make his coffers full.

—London Saturday Review.

A SERIOUS LAUGH.

The Penalty of Mirth at an Ancient Church Celebration.

There was a church celebration of a rather exciting nature many years ago in Lynn, Mass. The occurrences marking the dedication of the Old Tunnel Meeting house in 1682 are recorded by an eyewitness and quoted in Obadiah Oldpath's "Lin." After the formal ceremony of dedication a feast was held.

Ye dinner was in ye greates barn of Mr. Hood. While we were at table a rooster flew to ye beam over our heads. Mr. Richardson, ye Newbury minister, in a very loud voice and stately mien proclaimed that the ye house was a noble temple it yet was but a fit easel for ye godly jewel of Lin. Whereupon a most lusty crow was set up by ye old cock on ye beam, and he flapped his wings, sending ye dust down on ye table.

Ye company hurried up on ye misbehaving fowle, but, not being of good aim, did not hit, and with a whirling noise it flew to ye ground as if in disgust.

Mr. Gerrish was in a merrie mood. Not having his shots about him, he endeavored ye dangerous performance of gapping and laughing at ye same time. In doing so he set his jaws open in such a wise that it was beyond his power to bring them back again. His agonies were very great, and his joyful laugh was soon turned to grievous growling.

We did our utmost to stay the anguish of Mr. Gerrish, but could make out but little till Mr. Rogers, who knoweth something of anatomy, did bid ye sufferer to sit down on ye floor, and, taking his head between his legs turning ye face upward as much as possible, gave a powerful blow and sudden press, which brought ye jaws again into working order. But Mr. Gerrish did not gape nor laugh much more, neither did he talk much for that matter.

They who menace our freedom of thought and of speech are tampering with something more powerful than gunpowder.—Conway.

Keep a package on a low shelf. Let the children help themselves.

Uneda Biscuit

are the most nutritious food made from flour.

Always fresh, crisp, clean.

5¢

In moisture and dust proof packages.

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